PASTEUR AS A MAN.

APPEARANCE, TRAITS, AND EARLY LIFE OF THE GREAT SAVANT.

Son of a Sergeant-Major—The Devotion of His Wife—His Sensitiveness—Fleury's Portraiture of Him—The Eloquent Tribute of Renan to His Life and Fame.

PARIS, Oct. 2.—On the occasion of the death of M. Pasteur all the journals described his scientific labors. They spoke of his studies at first on crystallization, of his discoveries later on in microbes and infectious maladies, in carbuncles, hydrophobia, the disease of silkworms, and even the cholera in chickens; but they had little to say of the private life of the savant, and, nevertheless, the public in its admiration

PASTEUR AT HIS COUNTRY PLACE IN VILLENEUVE L'ETANG.

insists, every day more and more, upon knowing great men intimately, even at the risk of being accused of indiscretion.

Pasteur was born at Dôle, in the Department of the Jura, on the 27th of December, 1822. His father, a Sergeant-Major in the time of the first empire, was decorated on the field of battle by the hand of Napoleon; and after the sad ending of the Napoleon epic, he went to live in Dôle, where he worked as a tanner. It was there in a little street where those that practised that profession were grouped, and hence it was called the Rue des Tanneurs, and it was there that Pasteur was born. Later on, after having realized at his trade a modest competence, the old soldier of the empire retired to Arbois, on the banks of the Cuisance, where he purchased a little piece of property which his son preserved, and which still belongs to the family. It was there that the future savant commenced his classical studies under the kind tutelage of his father, to whom Louis Pasteur has done ample justice in the preface to one of his first works. "The older I grow," he wrote, "the better I appreciate your kindness and the superiority of your judgment. The efforts which I have made in this work and those which have preceded it, are the fruit of your example and advice."

The father of Louis Pasteur nevertheless confined his ambition to seeing his son a professor of mathematics in the Lyceum of Besançon where he had just finished his studies.

PASTEUR DICTATING TO MADAME PASTEUR.

But the young man, notwithstanding the modesty of his father's views, prepared himself for the higher normal school. He was admitted fourteenth on the list, and handed in his resignation, to come up again the following year and be admitted fourth. This was in 1843, and he was then 21 years of age.

We have all read with what success later on he travelled along in his brilliant career. But it is of his private life that I wish to speak here. He married when he was an assistant professor in the University of Strasburg. His wife was the daughter of the rector of that academy. She was for him a devoted collaborator, and not only acted as his secretary but assisted him even in his chemical manipulations. Pasteur had an attack of paralysis in 1870, and wrote with difficulty. His friends remember, when he took up his quarters with his family at Pont Gisquet, to study the mysterious disease which was destroying the silkworms and threatening the ruin of one of the most important industries of France, the care which Mme. Pasteur and her daughters devoted to the raising and observation of the subjects.

Pasteur's affection for his children was well known. He loved to play with them in the nursery after the day's heavy work was done. In a charming little volume which M. Maurice de Fleury, a learned physician and distinguished writer, has published, entitled "Pasteur and the Pastorians," we find this portrait of the savant in his last years:

"I wanted to see him again before writing this page. Would I could describe his striking image, as it remains fixed forever in my memory. It is known that Pasteur is of small stature, that since the war of 1870 his left leg and arm, stricken by paralysis, remain a little stiff, and that he limps along like a wounded veteran. Age, sickness, the hard work of many years, the bitter recollection of his past struggles, the violence of his passion for his profession, and finally that heavy weight which triumph imposes, have made of that face something superb.

"Jaded, marked with deep wrinkles, grayish skin, gray beard, the hair still thick, wearing a little black cap; a broad and furrowed forehead all streaked with the cicatrices of genius, the mouth somewhat drawn by paralysis, but expressive of great goodness, all the more susceptible to the sufferings of others because it seemed trained in personal sufferings; and, in addition to all this, under the shade of the eyebrows appeared the survival of the idea in the flashes of the eyes: that is how he appeared to me, this conqueror who will be legendary, and whose glory is incalculable, like the good that he has done.

"Near him a little child that they were inoculating was crying. Pasteur went over to the little one, caressed him gently, kissed the little curly head, and his eyes filled with tears."

Pasteur was sensitive. He was a sad child, solitary by nature. He loved his family with such affection that when he came to Paris for the first time, he was obliged to return to Arbois, his native place, at the end of a few days. It was only in the following year, by an effort of the will, that he succeeded in becoming acclimated.

"It is not generally known that he came very near being a painter," says M. de Fleury, "and a great artist, if I am to judge by the astonishing portrait of his mother which is in the billiard room in the Rue Dutot, in the Institute Antirabique. It appears that there are also scattered about among the friends of the family something like a dozen paintings of his, executed when he was 15 years old.

"Then it happened that his genius slept. Up to the age of 35 years he was nothing more than an honorable chemist, a melancholy and mild man. But from that time on he found his road and it was marvellous."

To complete the physical portrait of Pasteur that Maurice de Fleury has made for us, it would be necessary not only to speak of the little black cap which always remained on the head of the savant, but also of his legendary cloak. As he was absent-minded, like all those who are constantly haunted by one preoccupation, it happened that he once presented himself with his little cap on in the Chamber of Deputies when they were discussing a law which interested him. As for his cloak, it formed a part of himself to such a degree that the engraver, Roty, charged with the duty of engraving his figure, asked him to lend it to him, because he wanted to represent him with that portion of his costume. M. Roty was also a fervent admirer of Pasteur, and he proved it by refusing to give him back the cloak, holding it as a relic, in spite of the savant's pressing demands.

We all know how this great man and minute observer loved to proclaim his religious convictions. It is sufficient to state the fact, because this trait formed a portion of the physiognomy of the man. General philosophical studies were far removed from that mind, which had hardly the necessary time to study them. He could not admit the rather narrow theory of the positivists; but he really had neither the taste nor the time to fathom them. These same preoccupations haunted him even in the road of literature, and it is easy to imagine that Pasteur could see in literature nothing beyond a simple recreation. Social life in its entirety must have escaped the mind of such a recluse of experimental science. Consequent-

HOUSE WHERE PASTEUR WAS BORN AT DOLE IN 1822

ly he wanted a moral literature, and he considered Zola a corrupter. The marvellous poet of the crowd, the author of "Germinal," the mystic impassioned creator of "The Dream," the analyst of "The Curé," must have escaped him completely. He preferred the "Abbé Constantin" to all the works of Zola, and he always honestly voted against his reception in the French Academy.

It will be remembered that when Pasteur, already a member of the Academy of Sciences, was received in the French Academy, it was Ernest Renan who delivered the reception address, and here is how the gentle skeptic appreciated the man and his labors:

"We are incompetent to laud all that constitutes your veritable glory. I refer to those admirable experiments by which you reach out to the very borders of life, that ingenious method of interrogating nature which so many times has rewarded you with her clearest answers, those precious discoveries which are transformed every day into conquests of the first order for humanity. You would repudiate our praise, accustomed as you are to listen only to the judgment of your peers; and in the scientific discussions which bring out so many new ideas, you would not wish to witness the blending of literary appreciations with approbations of savants who, by confraternity in glory and in achievement, are drawn close to you. Between you and your glorious emulators we have not the right to interfere. But beyond the depths of that doctrine which is not within

MADAME PASTEUR IN 1866.

our scope there is one common ground, sir, where our knowledge of the human mind gives us the right to express an opinion. There is something which belongs in the same degree to Galileo, to Pascal, to Michael Angelo, and to Molière, something which makes and supports the sublimity of the poet, the depth of the philosopher, the fascination of the orator, and the divination of the savant; and that common foundation of all works beautiful and true, that divine flame, that indescribable breath which inspires science, literature, and art we have found, sir, in you. It is genius. No one has traveled around the circles of elementary nature with so sure a foot as you have. Your scientific life is like a luminous trail in the dark night of the infinitely small, in the last depths of being where life is born.

"You have commenced, sir, at the real beginning of nature. With Hatty and Malus you asked a first the crystal to tell the secret of its apparent caprices, when you were yet at the Normal School. A note from Mitscherlich somewhat staggered you in your chemical faith. Two substances, identical by nature, number, and the arrangement and distance of atoms, acted in a fashion essentially different upon light. You took up again with passion the study of the crystalline form, the two salts of M. Mitscherlich, and you reached your beautiful theory of molecular dissymmetry. Yes, two atomic groups which appear identical through all the experiments of chemistry, may bear the same relation one to the other as an object to its reflection in a mirror. They have a right and a left; they can be opposed, but not superposed, like the two hands. The illustrious M. Biot, charged with rendering an account of these new discoveries to the Academy of Sciences, at first had some doubt; but when you went to see him at the College of France he had already procured the materials for the experiment. He made you prepare them under his eyes on the stove of his kitchen. He didn't go to the end of the discovery; a few indications were sufficient for him. 'My dear child,' said he to you, while pressing your hand, 'I have so much loved science all my life that this makes my heart beat.'

"All your ulterior discoveries have come from that one by a sort of natural development. Soon, in effect, you were able to see that the artificial products of the laboratory and all the mineral species are superposable in image, while the essential products of life are dissymmetrical. Life brought you to the study of fermentation. The dissymmetric element causes fermentation; the symmetric element does not bring fermentation. Fermentation led you on to diseases which are, so to say, the fermentations of the living being.

"How fortunate you are, sir, to reach in this way by your art the very sources of life! What an admirable science is yours! Nothing is lost in it. You have planted a costly stone in the foundations of the eternal edifice of truth. Among those who devote themselves to the other portions of the work of the mind, who can possess the same confidence that you have? M. de Maistre painted somewhere modern science 'in the scanty clothing of the North, with arms loaded with books and instruments, pale from long vigils and labors, dragging himself along, soiled with ink, panting along the road of truth, with head bent toward the ground and a fore'head algebraically streaked!'

"How fortunate it is that you have not stopped in the presence of this great difficulty of the aristocrat. Nature is a plebian. She wants people to work; she loves callous hands, and only reveals herself to thoughtful brows.

"Your life, entirely consecrated to disinterested research, is the best answer to those who look upon our century as disinherited in the great gifts of the soul. Your laborious assiduity has known neither distraction nor repose. Receive, therefore, your recompense in the respect which surrounds you, in that sympathy whose numerous marks are ever before you, and, above all, in the joy of having accomplished your task."

The successor of Pasteur as director of his institute in the rue Dutot, is M. Duclaux, the oldest of his pupils, a savant of the first order, and member of our Academy of Sciences.

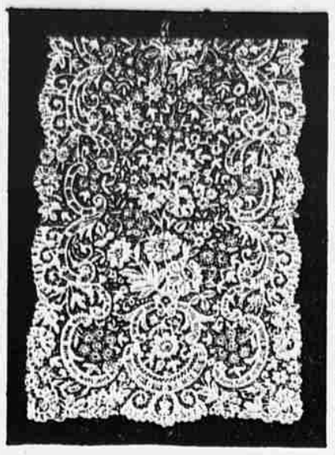
RAYMOND DALY.

A FORTUNE IN LACES.

ART TREASURES BEQUEATHED BY THE LATE MRS. RICHARD SMITH.

Practically All of Her Personal Property Endows an Institution for Children Founded by Her Husband in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia—The Results of Years of Travelling and Collecting.

When Mrs. Sarah A. Smith, the widow of Richard Smith of McKellar, Smith & Jordan, famous typefounders of Philadelphia, came to



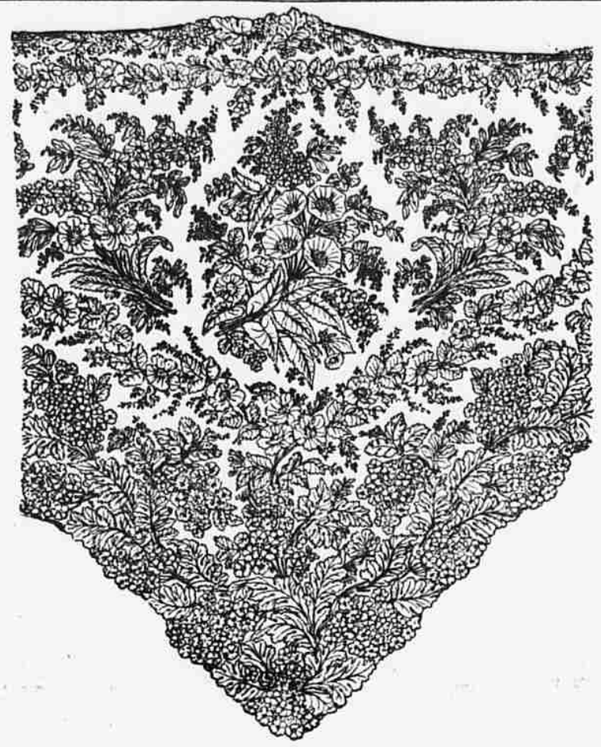
PORTION OF A DUCHESSE LACE SCARF.

die in Paris in May last, her one wish, as set fort in a curious clause in her will, was to further endow a children's playhouse and grounds for which her husband had provided in Fairmount Park. Mr. Smith died in Paris in September, 1894, leaving a large fortune, the income of which was to be at his widow's disposal. They had had but one child, a son, who, dying a few years ago, left a widow who was provided for in Mr. Smith's will. It would appear from the following clause in Mrs. Smith's will that the foundation of the children's playhouse in Fairmount Park had been agreed upon. In Mrs. Smith's will appears this clause:

"If my said husband shall not survive me, then I direct that as soon as practicable after my decease all of my jewelry of every description, lace, India shawls, and all my personal belongings, be sold at public sale to the highest bidder, and the money received from said sale, together with what other estate and property I may leave, I give, devise, and bequeath to the Fidelity Insurance, Trust and Safe Deposit Company of the City of Philadelphia, in trust, nevertheless to hold and use and dispose of the same for the maintenance, repair, and improvement of the children's playhouse and grounds attached thereto directed by the second clause of the residuary bequest in the will of my said husband, and to be expended in such way as the said trustee and the Commissioners of said park may deem advisable."

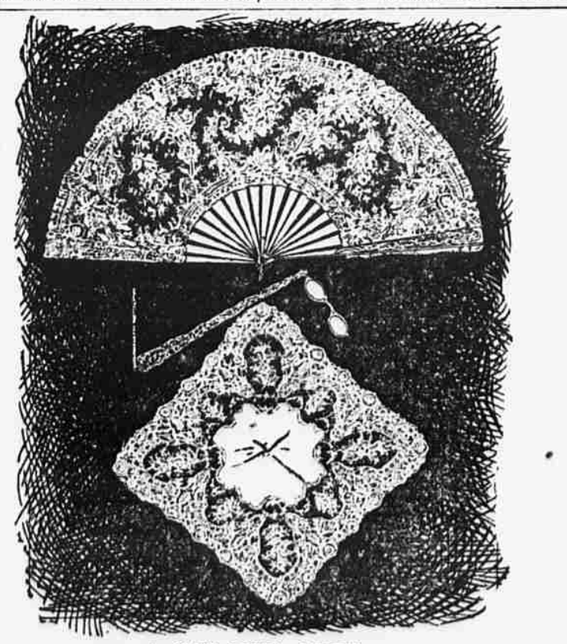
It is in pursuance of these instructions that the personal property which constituted Mrs. Smith's estate is now about to be exhibited in the American Art Galleries, in this city, previous to its sale at public auction. It is estimated that the property that Mrs. Smith left, consisting of jewelry, laces, and curious objects of art and vertu, cost something like $250,000. Many of the articles are rarer and more valuable to-day than when in the course of the last thirty years they were purchased. Of course, a great many of the laces and other objects could not be duplicated at present, and it is probable that the larger and rarer of the gems could be matched only by the luckiest of chances.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith, it may be said, were a most devoted couple, and it was the amiable whim of an affectionate husband to bestow upon his wife whatever was rare and beautiful for her adornment or personal gratification that they came across in their extensive travels here and abroad. Nearly all of the pieces of jewelry were purchased at the Paris house of Tiffany & Co., and a great many of them indeed were made to Mr. Smith's order, and therefore are unique. Among the jewels are many articles of great beauty and price, including such splendid adornments as a corsage containing a hundred diamonds, more or less, which cost originally between $40,000 and $50,000. There are a pair of ruby earrings set with diamonds valued at many thousands of dollars, a pair of very large emerald earrings, and sapphires and diamonds of fabulous size set in earrings. Brooches, pins, bracelets, finger rings, combs, all of rare workmanship and all set or incrusted with diamonds or other precious stones, complete the collection of more than one hundred articles, altogether forming the most costly collection of gems ever offered here at public auction.

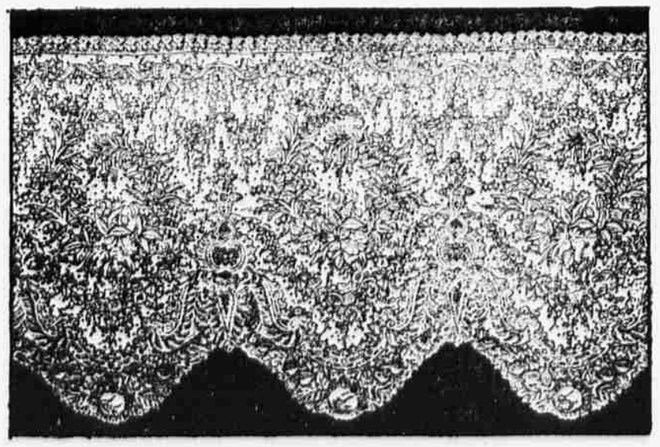


BLACK THREAD LACE SHAWL.

When Mr. and Mrs. Smith were guests at the Waldorf some time ago, Mrs. Smith showed to Mr. Boldt, the manager of the house, a wonderful mechanical caterpillar made of gems and



A $3,000 OPERA OUTFIT.



VENETIAN POINT FLOUNCE.

articulated so that by the winding up of an internal clock work it was made to crawl in a wholly lifelike manner. In her will Mrs. Smith left this precious toy to her former host; but excepting that, a ring with a watch in it, left to Dr. Cook, her Paris physician, and a few trifling personal effects, everything in her estate, even including her husband's watch and chain and seal ring, is to be sold at auction under the instructions in her will.

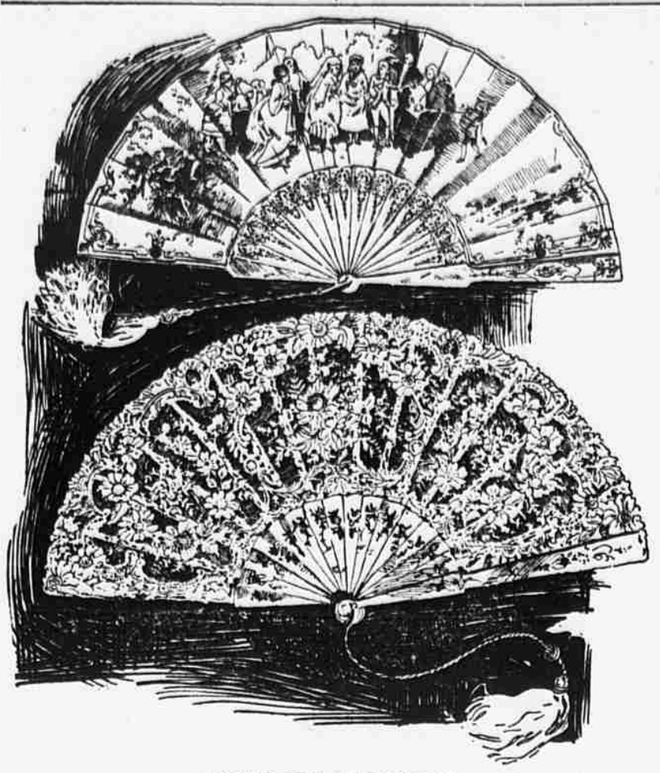
Perhaps nothing in this valuable collection will be of more interest to womankind than Mrs. Smith's laces and fans. These are of extraordinary value as being of the rarest handiwork, and some few specimens are illustrated herewith. Of course the great cost of many of these articles adds largely to the interest in them, but their intrinsic beauty equally entitles them to distinction.

A shawl of Venetian rose point lace is one of the finest pieces, and its pattern is reproduced in this article. It cost originally $4,500. A handkerchief matches it, and there is a collar of the same lace that is very fine. A Venetian point flounce is an example of unusual size, being eighteen inches wide and six and a half yards in length. It is a specimen of unusual beauty, and was bought for $4,000 at the Paris Exposition of 1878. There is a similarly fine flounce of the same workmanship, but much smaller, and among other pieces of Venetian lace are beautiful barbs of Venetian rose point, and a Venetian point scarf.

A set of collar and cuffs is of duchesse lace of exquisite design, and there is an old-fashioned collar with tabs of Venetian point lace. A beautiful scarf of duchesse lace is 18 inches wide and of extra length.

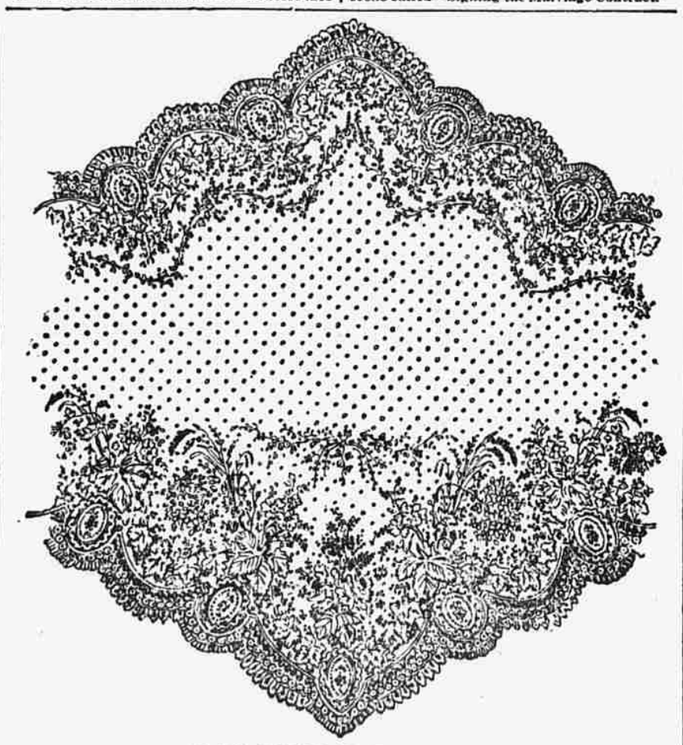
Two black lace shawls are of especial note. They cost originally about $1,500 apiece. Both are shown here. One of them is a black thread lace shawl, and the other, also of thread lace, is in the form of a mantilla.

One group of articles, valued altogether at $3,000, consists of a Venetian point lace handkerchief, an exquisitely wrought lorgnette mounted in solid gold, and a fan of Venetian rose point lace. The fan is one of extreme beauty and value. The tortoise shell sticks are of a clear amber color, and are mounted with gold and incrusted with diamonds. There are many fans of great beauty. Another of Venetian rose point lace is mounted on mother of pearl sticks, carved and decorated with gold, and there is a black thread lace fan with enamelled and jewelled tortoise shell sticks, fashioned whole from the shell without joints.



PAINTED FAN BY LASELLAY.
VENETIAN ROSE POINT LACE FAN.

A peacock feather fan, made of the breast feathers of the gaudy bird of vanity, and mounted on tortoise shell sticks, has applied flowers also made of the feathers of the peacock, and besides these, is a fan, mounted on carved and pierced sticks of mother of pearl on which is a painting by Laselley of a romantic scene called "Signing the Marriage Contract."



BLACK THREAD LACE MANTILLA.

Besides these beautiful articles are a great many curious pieces, such as card cases with watches inserted, and a collection of several hundred souvenir spoons in gold, silver, filigree, and enamel, collected in various parts of this country and Europe as mementoes of places and persons.

A public exhibition of these art treasures will take place, beginning on Nov. 14 and lasting until the auction sale on Nov. 19.

MINIATURE WAR VESSELS.

Only About Five Feet Long, but They Cost Thousands of Dollars Each.

From the Washington Evening Star.

A war ship in miniature is being built at the Washington Navy Yard. Though only five feet long, it is a perfect likeness of the Columbia, Uncle Sam's fighting ocean greyhound. Every detail is reproduced with the utmost accuracy on a scale of a quarter of an inch to the foot, even the guns being perfect in all of their parts, down to the very breech mechanism.

In the line new navy of the United States several classes of vessels are comprised. The Government has adopted the policy of constructing one small model to represent each type of war ship in the service. Thus miniature copies have been made of the armored battle ship Texas, the monitor Miantonomoh, the ram Katahdin, and others. Seven men at the Washington Navy Yard are constantly employed in building these models, which cost from $2,000 to $8,000 apiece. These artisans are mechanics of the highest skill, and the work they do is such as to require a special training. Workmanship of the utmost difficulty is needed, many of the parts being so little that an ordinary person could not handle them or put them together. Everything must be reproduced, down to the smallest block for the running rigging.

Take the guns of the miniature Columbia for example. They are the prettiest toys imaginable. The big ones, representing originals of eight-inch calibre, are about four inches long. No part of either gun or carriage is lacking, and the breech can be opened by a touch of the finger to admit a small-sized armor-piercing projectile or an explosive shell. The secondary batteries of the Columbia consist of a number of small machine guns and rapid-fire guns, some of which are aloft in the military tops. Every one is reproduced on its scale in the model.

The building of the model of the Columbia was begun by taking a number of pine boards, cut roughly to the outlines of the ship, and putting them together under pressure with glue between them. Thus a solid block of approximate dimensions was formed. The block was then planed and chiselled until the lines of the great war vessel were reproduced with absolute exactness. The hull being made smooth with sandpaper, the rudder and propeller shafts, of cherry wood, were added. At the same time were put on the "sponsons," out of which the guns look as from windows of steel. Holes having been bored for the window ports, the little craft was ready to receive its armament.

The model is not yet finished, but the guns are made and nearly all of the other equipments are ready to be put aboard. These latter are very elaborate, and to produce them has required an immense amount of labor. For example, there are a number of boats, including one steam launch in miniature. Each of these represents three days' work for one man. The false bottoms and every rib inside of them are shown. All of them are of wood, save for the smokestack and rudder of the steam launch. The boats are swung from davits, the tiny metal blocks through which the tackle runs being perfectly practical and just like real ones.

The smokestack of the miniature Columbia is of brass, painted just like that of the cruiser herself. Attached to it are escape pipes of copper and a whistle and fog horn, otherwise known as a "steam siren," of nickel silver. The ventilators are of copper. They turn their gaping mouths to the wind, which blows down into them and keeps the air fresh below. One of the last things done is to put the masts into the little ship. They are of wood, but, being painted, they look just like the hollow steel masts of a war vessel. The bigger spars on a war ship are steel tubes. The rigging of the model is of white wire twisted to imitate the wire rigging on a man-of-war. In the model of a battle ship the armor is represented by wood painted.

The models of war ships are built in what is called the ship house at the Navy Yard. The establishment is a huge machine shop, under the control of the Construction Bureau of the Navy Department. The miniature vessels are made from the original plans and drawings for cruisers and battle ships, which are reduced to scale for the purpose. The object of building the models is to show the people what Uncle Sam's new navy is like. Several of the models have been sent to Atlanta, where they will be viewed by millions. Occasionally models have been sent by the Navy Department to the Capitol, in order that Congressmen might see them and know what sort of ships they were appropriating money to construct.

In the ship house at the Washington Navy Yard is now being made a model of the battle ship Indiana, twenty feet long. It is intended, not for exhibition, but for a more practical purpose. It is of wood, covered with an even coat of paraffine one inch thick. When it is finished it will be run on the Potomac River, with an engine inside of it and paddle wheels. Paddle wheels are preferred to a propelier, because the power exerted by them can be measured more accurately. This is exactly what is desired to be ascertained, namely, how much power is required to propel the model through the water at a given rate of speed. What is true of the model ought to be true also of the Indiana, the form of the hull of the latter being the same. Paraffine is employed because it is perfectly smooth and will afford no such resistance as might impair the accuracy of the data obtained by the experiments.

In Great Britain the keel of no new ship of war is laid until trial has been made of a miniature model. For this purpose is used an immense tank, 300 feet long, 25 feet wide, and 10 feet deep, filled with water. Above the tank, and running its entire length, is suspended a platform. On the platform is a track and along the track a carriage runs. Beneath the carriage floats the model, which is made wholly of paraffine. Of course, paraffine is lighter than water. The carriage tows the model along, and the power used is registered with absolute accuracy by a dynamometer. Thus is learned with exactness the speed at which the war ship represented by the model will steam with a given horse power.

Great Britain in fact has several such tanks, and similar ones are used for the purpose by France, Germany, and Italy. Secretary Herbert will try to persuade the next Congress to appropriate money for building a tank of the kind at Washington. The cost of it would be about $150,000. It would be cheap at the price, however, for it would afford a means of testing all models of proposed vessels in future before the contracts for their construction were given out. Thus the Navy Department would know exactly what might be expected of every war ship before its keel was laid. In a word, the tank experiments make it easy to determine the best form of ship to attain a certain speed.

NEW YORK SHOPS THE BEST.

DISCOMFORTS OF SHOPPING IN LONDON AND PARIS.

Stately Saleswirls, but Few Conveniences There—Why English Women Are Dressed Badly—The Paris Establishments.

"For the pure joys and comforts of shopping recommend me to our own big New York establishments," said the woman with a roll of samples and an amazing long list of odds and ends to be purchased bloating her purse. "I am moved to extol their virtues because of experiences that have assailed me when laying out my pin money abroad, where the untravelled individual is led to believe she can make one dollar do the duty of two, and that the splendid courtesy of the saleswomen will render the spending of money a living delight. My first shock of surprise was on finding how nearly prices in France and England came everywhere up to the American standard, for if you go to anything like a good shop nowadays on Regent or Bond street, or haunt the establishments on the Boulevard Malesherbes, des Italiens, Madeleine, or des Capucines, to which Americans do most resort, you will give quite as much for what you want as here on Broadway, and the worst of it is that the prices are not always fixed and labelled on, but regulated too often by the saleswoman's notion of what you ought to pay. In Paris and London the system frequently is to allow the attendants a percentage on the sales they effect, and in many of the important houses the girl who waits on you receives an extra percentage on every franc or shilling above the nominal price she can persuade a purchaser to give. This is, of course, greatly to her interest, chiefly because her salary is very small, or she does not receive any regular wages at all, working solely for the percentage.

"Directly one arrives at a hotel in Paris or London a marvellous shower of alluring-looking advertising cards and pamphlets begins coming in by every mail. Verily, the butcher, the baker, and candlestick maker all seem yearning to do you a service, and I must confess that, in getting up this sort of literature, these thrifty merchants show remarkable ingenuity. The advertisements are printed on the best tinted calendered notepaper, in graceful colored type, some of them interspersed with little water-color pictures and etchings and enclosing what is almost an unfailing bait to weak womankind—hoards of samples. The envelopes are wax sealed, stamped with a handsome coat of arms, and addressed in an aristocratic handwriting that at first sight persuades one that the Duchess of Westminster or the Princess de Rohan is going to request the pleasure of one's company. But you are surprised and pleased to know that the leading tailors, bootmakers, milliners, glovers, hairdressers, gun manufacturers, perfumers, and carriage builders, for they all send, recognize you as of sufficient importance to solicit your patronage. Whether you stop at Long's in New Bond street or a frowsy boarding house in Bloomsbury the advertisements fall to your share just the same, for the hotel registers and steamship and tourist agency lists are watched, and every American receives these invitations to London and Paris shopping.

"If you have a mind to answer some of these tempting little cards in person, it is only discreet to go in the guise of a modest bargain hunter, for the damsel who undertakes to show the wares, the cloaks, capes, gowns, &c., judges Americans by their clothes, taking stock of one's hat, wrap, and card case, and estimating the capabilities of one's purse thereby. Accordingly she pinches the price up or down a trifle; and as to the English shopgirl, you really lack courage to contest the point with her. She is not in the least careless or forthputting, as too often one finds them at home. Indeed, she is a most gracious and considerate person. Naturally it is to her interest that you make your purchase and are satisfied, but on my first expedition into a vast emporium I couldn't get over the uncomfortable impression that I was ordering one of the royal princesses about. They all look like her Highness of Wales, those London shopgirls. She is their mirror of fashion and model of form. They torture their abundant light hair into a bun behind and a gigantic Princess of Wales bang in front, all carefully trapped down under nets. The majority are tall and slender, too, mostly with pretty skins and big bold features, walk well, and those who can afford it dress exclusively in severely plain black satin gowns, to show off their long waists and flat backs. I found them altogether far handsomer and more aristocratic than the duchesses and belles one sees in the park, but they haven't yet learned the ways of their American cousin when she goes forth to buy. I lay full one-half of the English woman's tasteless dressing to the fact that she doesn't know how to shop. Her custom is to buy the first thing set before her. She is not a sample fiend, neither will she order whole shelves emptied of goods that she may find some particular pattern for which her soul longs. She will not prowl half a day from shop to shop and go home empty handed, as an American will, just because she can't find what she wants. She never desires to see a contemplated purchase first by daylight and then by gaslight to figure and think over it, discuss it with the attendant, fray out a bit of the edge to see that it is all pure quality, wrinkle and stretch it, and finally take a wee piece home to find whether water will stain and ammonia clean it. These worthy peculiarities the London shopgirl abhors as unpleasant Americanisms. She brings what you ask for, and if it doesn't suit and you rise, saying you propose to look further, she not only considers you have been particularly hard to please, but politely insists on your taking what she has pulled down. This is both annoying and embarrassing, since you realize she is only trying honestly to earn her bread. There are shops indeed where it is almost as much as your life is worth to enter and not take something away. The milliner pursues you to the very door, her arms full of hats, imploring, almost commanding you to try them on, until you escape once more into the street and freedom, flushed and angry and too cautious ever again to touch or look at what you do not propose to buy instantly.

"One who is accustomed to the spacious, well-lighted, lofty shops in our cities is struck at first by their superiority to the best of the French or English houses. The latter are inferior sorts of buildings, in which elevators are scarcely ever found, where the nice, convenient ladies' parlor is a boon never supplied, where the wrapping paper is cheap and coarse, the various departments seemingly arranged without an eye to tempting display, and the pretty wares tossed in heaps on long central tables. The art of proper window dressing is coming to be more fully recognized, but a process in London shopping peculiarly irritating to the feminine mind is the system by which only a single box full of wares or bolt of goods may be displayed at a time. Such a thing as comfortably strewing the counter with a half dozen rolls of silk while your mind wavers in judgment, they do not allow, for instead of having little girls behind the counter, whose duty it is to see that the stock is kept in order, every shopgirl is forced to put her own stock to rights. The chief aids to expeditious shopping, the pneumatic tube, the deft boy and girl in shirt sleeves, who does up parcels in a trice, the pay-at-the-desk card, and the C. O. D., and quick delivery system are all but unknown in that great metropolis. In many establishments it is obligatory to pay an extra penny or two for the delivery of parcels in value under a sovereign, but in Paris many of the best American customs have been adopted. The Parisian shopgirl, however, is an entity to be handled with care. Her English prototype never forgets that polite stereotype, 'Thank you,' and she is gentle and patient while her chief fault is plain truly feminine and French passion for dress she makes often the best saleswoman. Nevertheless, with all her faults the American shopgirl is in the end more expeditious, intelligent, and as uniformly amiable as any I have ever dealt with," concluded the woman, as she unfurled her sample budget, and bore down on the remnant end of the ribbon counter.

Quieting the Baby.

"I saw, the other day, on an elevated car platform," said a citizen, "a little scene such as one might expect to see only at home—a father quieting an infant child. I sat in the rear end seat of a car, on the side opposite from the station platform. At a momentary darkening of the window toward the platform I looked up and saw the father and his child. It seemed to me as though the baby had been crying, or had been about to cry, and as though the father preferred to quiet it before reaching the car. Holding it gently and easily in his arms he stepped once or twice back and forth across the narrow platform, and then stepped across to the next car back and disappeared."